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FOR 1882.
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THE CHINA DIRECTORY

THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY

which is now in its

TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

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Directory proper and in the Appendix. The

ports of CHUNGKING, WLADYWOVSK, MA-

LACCA, and PERHANG have been added to

the former; whilst the latter includes the New

ORDER IN COUNCIL for the Government of

British Subjects in China and Japan, the Amend-

ed TREATY between RUSSIA and CHINA, the

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MAP OF THE COAST OF CHINA.

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ordered for a fixed period will be continued until

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The Daily Press,

Hongkong, February 15th, 1882.

A RECENT ISSUE OF OUR SHANGHAI MORNING

CONTEMPORARY CONTAINED A PARAGRAPH OF MORE

THAN ORDINARY INTEREST CONCERNING THE STATE

OF AFFAIRS IN CHINESE MANCHURIA. "It has

been known for some years past," says the

authority above mentioned, "that rather

wide-spread dissatisfaction towards the Chi-

nese Government has prevailed among the

chiefs." The secret is, "The conduct of affairs at Peking, and the ex-

treme difficulty in obtaining trustworthy in-

formation there as to what is occurring in

political matters, prevents our giving any

particulars of what has been going on lately

in Manchuria, but we have reason to believe

that the authorities have begun recently di-

cidedly by the open manner in which the

dissatisfaction of the chiefs has been shown."

We know not what authority the Daily News

has for this statement, but it is one that will

surprise persons unacquainted with China.

A Manchu dynasty sits on the Dragon Throne.

Manchu officials hold the keys to the supreme

authority, and the symbol of subjection to

the Manchus is worn by the three

hundred and odd millions of the Chinese

subjects of the Emperor Kwang-Si. It

might therefore naturally be thought

that the Manchurians at all events would be

loyal to the Throne, that they at least would

be content with the rule of their rightful

lord. But it must be remembered that al-

though the Manchus succeeded in imposing

their yoke upon the Chinese neck, the Chi-

nese in return have, by sheer force of

numbers and superior civilization, com-

peled their conquerors to assimilate to

them, and are slowly, but surely, absorbing

both them and their country into the Central

Kingdom. Little by little all that was dis-

tinctive in the Manchus has been vanishing

and their country has within the past few

years witnessed such an immigration of Chi-

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ing on, and have persuaded them that if it

is allowed to continue they will soon cease

to have any separate existence. It is also

reported that the Mongolians have been grow-

ing discontented with Chinese rule. If

there be any truth in this rumour, we should

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HONGKONG FLOWER AND POULTRY SHOW.

The Hongkong Horticultural Exhibition Society held its tenth annual show yesterday in the Botanic Garden. This year a department for poultry was added, and the experiment has turned out a success, there being about fifty exhibits in fourteen classes. Most of the exhibitors were Europeans, but it is to be hoped that the Chinese who supply the markets will gradually introduce to take an interest in the composition, and that the show will do for poultry what the vegetable show has already done for market garden produce. The Chinese, Shanghai, and Langshan fowls comprise some really excellent specimens of the birds; the ducks and geese were well-conditioned birds, and there were some pretty song-birds. Mrs. Johnson took the first prize for Turkeys with a very fine bird, and Mr. Manger showed a pan of good looking Guinea fowls, for which she obtained a first prize. A special prize was awarded to Mr. Johnson for two pheasants.

Although the season has not been generally favourable for flowers or vegetables, there was a very fair show of each, both as regards the number of entries and the quality of the exhibits. Amongst the flowers the most striking were the very handsome camellias shown by Mr. Woodin, the plants being unusually large and well formed. There was a good show of campanulas and the chrysanthemums were excellent, but nearly all the roses shown seemed more or less out of condition. The dahlias were fairly good, also the asters. Two well grown daphnes were shown by Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Manger. The pansies, considering how difficult they are to grow in this climate, were deserving of notice, and the Chinese, prima donna, which did not grow very well, was especially good. The form of all classes were excellent. Mrs. Johnson had the finest exhibition of plants and flowers and wins the challenge cup.

There was a good display of cut flowers, house- and table-decorations. Mr. Newroze took the first prizes for camellias and chrysanthemums, and Mr. H. J. Holmes that for rose blossoms. In the class for bunches of cut flowers were some very fine ones of gypsophila and heliotrope. There were some very handiwork decorations, and the first class for these was taken by Mrs. Linstead and Mr. Forrest respectively. The decorations were in excellent taste, being neat and chaste, rather than gay. The prize for table-decorations of wild flowers was taken by Mrs. Coxon, who had made a rich collection and tastefully arranged it. Some very pretty handiwork bouquets were shown.

The show of the day, as usual, was very small and the only plate of show-birds was shown by Mr. Dickie, and the first prize for pigeons was awarded to Mr. Peacock.

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The following is the Prize List:—

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EXTRACTS.

SNOW-FLAKE.

We parted in the winter;
And from the distant hill
She watched my ship sail outward
O'er the water cold and still.

I could not see the tea-drop
That glistened in her eye;
Nor her dainty kerchief waving
Against the frosty sky.

But I knew her heart was breathing
A gentle word of prayer;

I knew her eye was streaming,
And her kind lips were waving.

I said before I left her,
"Farwell, my love, farewell;

I am sailing to the sunshines,
And the land where myrtle dwells;

But still my longing fancy
Will turn to rest with thee;

My Snow-flake on the mountain
Is more than all to me!"

You know how the pure and sweet,
When the winter's cold is sped;

Ay, so before that ship returned,
My sweet Snow-flake was dead.

All the Year Round.

A LARGE WATER-BUG.

Mr. Wm. Smith wrote, on the 13th, from Mount Lawley: "Send you another curio insect. I caught here to-night. I have never seen it before, neither can I get any of the natives who have ever seen it; so I conclude it must be rare. As you always take an interest in such matters, I send it for identification." The insect we learn is *Batrachomoea granulata*, the large water bug of the poddy-fields. It sometimes attains the length of five inches, with a spread of wings of over seven inches from tip to tip. It feeds upon aquatic insects, and when incutiously handled can inflict painful wounds with its large and powerful beak. We do not remember to have seen one before.—*Ceylon Observer*.

INTERMARRIAGE OF RACES.

A case that looks a good deal like persecution arises in Yorkville, S.C., where a mulatto and his wife, whose appearance would indicate that she is a white woman, have recently been convicted in a criminal court on the charge of "unlawfully living in wedlock," the accusation being that it was a case of marriage between a negro and a white person. The man is described as a light mulatto, while the woman is said to be of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. Both the husband and wife claimed that the latter had a mixture of negro blood in her veins, and that, consequently, they did not come within the provisions of the old State law against miscegenation. The woman was admitted to expert examination by a physician, who inspected the mulatto skin with a magnifying glass, and explained to the court that, while he could not find any trace of foreign or negro blood, he could not say positively that the woman was of pure white blood." The man testified that he had known the wife's pedigree, and that she was a light mulatto; and it was also shown that her family had always been associated only with colored people. Yet, in the face of all this testimony, the couple were convicted by the jury, and will have to go to jail under the State law, and their children, if they have any, will bear the brand of illegitimacy. If the facts as stated are true, and they are taken from the local newspaper published on the spot, there seems to have been a cruel injustice done in the name of law.—*Public Ledger (Philadelphia), No. 23.*

WHO KILLED ZEBEDEE?

BY WILLIE COLLINS.
Author of "The Woman in White."

(CONTINUED.)

III.

The coroner's inquest was adjourned; and the examination before the magistrate ended in a romand; Mrs. Zebedebe being in no condition to understand the proceedings in either case. The surgeon reported her to be completely prostrated by a terrible nervous shock. When he was asked if he considered her to have been a sane woman before the murder took place, he refused to answer positively at that time.

A week passed. The murdered man was buried, his old father attending the funeral. I occasionally saw Mrs. Crosscapel in the two servants, for the purpose of getting such further information, as was thought desirable. Both the cook and the housemaid had given their month's notice to quit, declining in the interests of their character to remain in a house which had been the scene of a murder. Mr. Deluc's nerves led also to his removal; his rest was now disturbed by frightful dreams. He paid the necessary forfeit-money and left without notice. The first-door lodger, Mr. Basford, kept his rooms, but obtained leave of absence from his employers, and took refuge with some friends in the country. Miss Mybus alone remained in the parlour. "When I am comfortable," the old lady said, "nothing moves me; at my age, a murder up two pairs of stairs in nearly the same thing as a murder in the next house. Distance, you see, makes all the difference."

It mattered little to the police what the lodgers did. We had men in plain clothes watching the house night and day. Every body who went away was privately followed; and the police in the district to which they retired were warned to keep an eye on them after that. As long as we put off Mrs. Zebedebe's extraordinary statement to any sort of test—say nothing of having proved its untruthfulness thus far in tracing the knife to its purchaser—we were bound to let no person living under Mrs. Crosscapel's roof on the night of the murder slip through our fingers.

IV.

In a fortnight more, Mrs. Zebedebe had sufficiently recovered to make the necessary statement—after the preliminary caution addressed to persons in such cases. The surgeon had no hesitation now to reporting her to be a sane woman.

Her situation in life had been domestic service. She had lived in her last place with a man in a family in Dorsetshire. The one objection to her had been the occasional infirmity of sleep-walking, which made it necessary that one of the other female servants should sleep in the same room; with the door locked and the key under her pillow. In all other respects the lady's maid was described by her mistress as "a perfect treasure."

In the last six months of her service a young man named John Zebedebe entered the house (with a written character) as footman. He soon fell in love with the nice little lady's maid, and she heartily returned the feeling. They might have waited for years before they were in a pecuniary position to marry, but for the death of Zebedebe's uncle, who left him a little fortune of two thousand pounds. They were now, for persons in their station, rich enough to please themselves; and they were married from the house in which they had served together, the little daughters of the family showing their affection for Mrs. Zebedebe by acting as her bridesmaids.

The young husband was a careful man. He decided to employ his small capital to the best advantage by sheep-farming in Australia. His wife made no objection; she was ready to go wherever John went.

Accordingly, they spent their short honeymoon in London, so as to see for themselves the vessel in which their passage was to be

taken. They went to Mrs. Crosscapel's lodgings-house because Zebedebe's uncle had always stayed there when he was in London. Ten days were to pass before the day of embarkation arrived. This gave the young couple a welcome holiday, and a prospect of amusing themselves to their heart's content among the sights and shows of the great city.

On their first evening in London they went to the theatre. They were both accustomed to the fresh air of the country, and they felt half stifled by the heat and the gas. However, they were so pleased with the entertainment which was new to them that they went to another theatre on the next evening. On this second occasion John Zebedebe found the heat unbearable. They left the theatre, and got back to their lodgings towards ten o'clock.

Let the rest be told in the words used by Mrs. Zebedebe herself. She said:

"We sat talking for a little while in our room, and John's headache got worse and worse. I persuaded him to go to bed, and I put out the candle (the fire giving sufficient light to understand), so that he might get some sleep. He lay there for two hours, but he was too restless to sleep. He asked me to read him something. Books always made him drowsy at the best of times."

"I had not yet begun to undress. So I lit the candle again, and I opened the only book I had. John had noticed it at railway bookstalls by the name of 'The World of Sleep.' He used to joke with me about the title, for he succeeded where his elders and betters had failed—and he had to hold his own little ambition, though everybody laughed at him. In plain English, I was the man."

Without meaning it, I have written ungratefully.

There were two persons who saw nothing ridiculous in my resolution to continue the investigation single-handed. One of them was Miss Mybus; and the other was the cook, Priscilla Varley.

Miss Mybus was inquisitive at the resigned manner in which the police accepted their defeat. She was a little bright-eyed, wry-old woman; and she spoke her mind to me freely.

"This comes home to me," she said. "Just look back here in London, for a year or two ago. There was an old woman's skeleton found in the cellar of a house in Euston Square—and the wretch who hid her body there is still at large. Another murdered old woman was found in another cellar in Harley Street. And then there's the gentler person here, who never has been traced. I am an old woman, too; and I ask myself if my turn is not coming next. You're a nice-looking fellow—and I like your pluck and perseverance. Come here as often as you think right; and say you are my visitor if they make any difficulty about letting you in. One thing more! I have nothing particular to do, and I am no fool. Here in the parlour I see everybody who comes into the house or goes out of the house. Leave me your address—I may get some information for you yet."

Priscilla Varley was just as willing and far better able to help me, on her side. As it happened, she was mistress of her own movements.

Her fellow-servant, the housemaid, was a London girl. After leaving Mrs. Crosscapel, she got another place in the district of Blythbury. Priscilla was not so successful. She had a natural aversion to lodgings-houses, and she did not possess experience enough to take a cook's place in the service of gentlefolks. Having rather a quick temper, she doubted her own endurance, if she accepted the frantic accusation of herself. Her master and mistress where she had been last in service spoke of her in the highest terms. We were at a complete dead-lock.

It had been thought best not to surprise Mr. Deluc, as yet, by citing him as a witness. The action of the law was, however, hurried in this case by a private communication received from the chaplain.

After twice seeing and speaking with Mrs. Zebedebe, the rev. gentleman was firmly persuaded that she had no more to do than himself with the murder of her husband. He did not consider that he was justified in repeating a confidential communication—he would only recommend that Mr. Deluc should be summoned to appear at the next examination. This advice was immediately followed.

The police had no evidence against Mrs. Zebedebe when the inquiry was resumed. To assist the ends of justice she was now put into the witness-box. The discovery of her murdered husband, when she lit the candle in the small hours of the morning, was passed over as rapidly as possible. Only three questions of importance were put to her.

First, the knife was produced. Had she ever seen it in her husband's possession? Never. Did she know anything about it? Nothing whatever.

Secondly—Did she or did her husband look the bedroom door when they returned from the theatre? No. Did she lock the door herself before she fell asleep in her chair? No.

Thirdly—Had she any sort of reason to give for supposing that she had murdered her husband in a sleep-walking dream. No reason, except that she was beside herself at the time, and the book put the thought into her head.

After this the other witnesses were sent out of court. The motive for the chaplain's communication now appeared. Mrs. Zebedebe was asked if anything unpleasant had occurred between Mr. Deluc and herself.

Yes. He had caught her alone on the stairs at the lodging-house; and had presumed to make love to her; and had carried the other servant, if she could tell him, to tell him still farther by attempting to kiss her head.

After this the other witnesses were sent out of court. The motive for the chaplain's communication now appeared. Mrs. Zebedebe was asked if anything unpleasant had occurred between Mr. Deluc and herself.

This naturally set me on speaking of the other servant. I asked her if she could tell him in his confidence that she had told him that her husband should know of it if his innocent person, she said. "Bentley, I was so short a time the housemaid's fellow-servant."

I interrupted the rest. "You slept in the same room with her," I remarked; "and you had opportunities of observing her conduct towards the lodgers. If they had asked you at the examination, what I now ask, you would have answered as an honest woman."

To this argument she yielded. I heard from her certain particulars which threw a new light on Mr. Deluc, and on the case generally. On that information I acted. It was slow work, owing to the claims of one of my regular duties; but I steadily advanced towards the end I had in view. You will now perhaps understand why I devoted some space in my narrative to a person who had only been a servant in a lodging-house. But for Priscilla I should never have discovered who killed Zebedebe.

Besides this, I owed another obligation to Mrs. Crosscapel's nice-looking cook. The confession must be made sooner or later—and I may as well make it now. I first knew what love was, thanks to Priscilla, and when I asked if she would marry me, she didn't say No. She looked, I must own, a little sadly, and she said: "How can two such poor people as we are ever hope to marry?" To this I answered: "It won't be long before I lay my hand on the dupe which my Inspector has failed to find. I shall be in a position to marry you, my dear, when that time comes."

This encouraged her to look to the future almost as hopefully as I looked.

At our next meeting we spoke of her parsons. I was now her promised husband. Judging by what I heard of the proceedings of other people in my position, it seemed to be only right that I should be introduced to her father and mother. She entirely agreed with me; and she wrote home that day, to tell them to expect us at the end of the week.

At the same time we reckoned up Mr. Deluc—I mean that we made investigations into his past life—the claves that he and the murdered man might have known each other, and might have had a quarrel, or a rivalry about a woman, on some former occasion. No such discovery rewarded us.

We found Deluc to have led a dissipated life, and to have mixed with very bad company. But he had kept out of reach of the law. A man may be a profligate vagabond; he may be a threatening thing to her, in the first stirring sensation of having his face slapped—but it doesn't follow from these blots on his character that he has murdered her husband in the dead of the night.

Once more, then, when we were called upon

to report ourselves, we had no evidence to production. The photographs failed to identify the knife, and its interrupted inscription. Poor Mrs. Zebedebe was allowed to go back to her friends, on the understanding that she was to appear again if called upon. Articles of value in the newspaper began to inquire how many more murders would succeed in baffling the police. The authorities at the Treasury offered a reward of a hundred pounds, and nobody claimed the reward.

Our Inspector was not a man to be easily satisfied. More inquiries and examinations followed. It is needless to say anything about them. We were defeated—and the public were concerned, was an end of it.

The assassination of the poor young husband soon passed out of notice, like other undiscovered murders. One obscure person, once foolish enough, in his leisure hours, to persist in trying to solve the problem of Who Killed Zebedebe? He felt that he might rise to the highest position in the police force if he succeeded where his elders and betters had failed—and he had to hold his own little ambition, though everybody laughed at him. In plain English, I was the man.

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"We sat talking for a little while in our room, and John's headache got worse and worse. I half stifled by the heat and the gas. However, they were so pleased with the entertainment which was new to them that they went to another theatre on the next evening. On this second occasion John Zebedebe found the heat unbearable. They left the theatre, and got back to their lodgings towards ten o'clock.

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X.

"We sat talking for a little while in our room, and John's headache got worse and worse. I half stifled by the heat and the gas. However, they were so pleased with the entertainment which was new to them that they went to another theatre on the next evening. On this second occasion John Zebedebe found the heat unbearable. They left the theatre, and got back to their lodgings towards ten o'clock.

Our Inspector was not a man to be easily satisfied. More inquiries and examinations followed. It is needless to say anything about them. We were defeated—and the public were concerned, was an end of it.

The assassination of the poor young husband soon passed out of notice, like other undiscovered murders. One obscure person, once foolish enough, in his leisure hours, to persist in trying to solve the problem of Who Killed Zebedebe? He felt that he might rise to the highest position in the police force